

## **Jump Chain Gothic 11 - Stranger Things** by **gothicjedi666**

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016, X-overs

**Genre:** Family, Sci-Fi

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven/Jane H.

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-10-28 09:46:51

**Updated:** 2019-10-28 09:46:51

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 03:12:16

**Rating:** K+

**Chapters:** 4

**Words:** 20,643

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** The 11th Jump in which Jumper Gothic meets 11. This story covers the year spent in Hawkins, Indiana. Mostly it is about the Jumper and 11 becoming close to each other.

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author Note

A short story to cover Jump 11. Since the Jumper prevents 11 from making contact with the Upside Down not much would happen in Hawkins over the year he stays there, or ever at all really, so I decided to focus this Jump on building a connection between 11 and the Jumper.

## Stranger Things Jump Set Up

Gothic

Budget - 1000cp

Location

Hawkins, Indiana

Identity

Scientist (Inventor)

Skills

Universal Knowledge - Free

Sixth Sense Static - 900cp

Mad Science - 700cp

Party Role

Mage - 550cp

Artist - 500cp

Flattering Flirt - 400cp

Research Notes - 300cp

Companion - 200cp (Romanoff, assume I take her as a companion during the MCU Jump)

Eleven - 0cp

Natasha Romanoff

Budget - 500cp

Location

Hawkins, Indiana

Identity

Citizen (Wife)

Avoidance - Free

Universal Knowledge - 400cp

Party Role

Cleric - 250cp

Artist - 200cp

Car - 0cp

Black Widow's Powers and Abilities: Master in the covert arts of espionage, infiltration & subterfuge. Expert martial artist, with exceptional agility & athletic ability. Utilises advanced weaponry including customised stun batons & "Widow's Bite" bracelets capable of stunning enemies with electrical discharges.

## **Jump Chain 11 - Stranger Things**

### **Part 1**

#### **Casino. Outside of Hawkins.**

Lux hadn't changed much over the last decade, and so far in this Jump, it seemed much the same as it had been before, other than

having moved to a remote area near a small town far from New York. However, I knew that things would be altered as sooner or later one of my companions would feel the need to redecorate.

The casino was just off a major freeway and therefore we would get some visitors, but I doubted I'd be getting as much business as I used to. Not that we really needed the profits and I didn't imagine that I'd be spending much time here during this Jump as I would have other things to occupy myself with.

This happened to be fine with me as this Jump would only last a year, and I didn't want to gain too much attention from the people of this world. I wouldn't even be living in the penthouse as I'd arrange for this Jump for Natalia and I play the role of a married couple who'd moved to Hawkins recently. Cameron had a cover as well, she'd be acting the part of Natasha's younger sister, who was staying with us.

I had good reasons for doing this as not only did make more sense for a young couple, an artist and an inventor, to move to a small and quiet town to better focus on their work, I intended to bring 11 into my group, and she was a kid, it would be better to provide her with a more traditional home until she got settled, and then I'd slowly introduce her to my weirdness.

For this meeting only Natasha Romanoff, who would be playing the role of my wife, Cameron and I were in attendance. We were currently planning a special mission so that I could pick up 11 very early in the Jump and avoid a lot of trouble later on.

The lab we'd need to attack was a very secretive and private place; it was surrounded by a barbed-wire fence and guarded by military police. It was composed of one multi-story building that led down to an underground complex. It was located within a secluded forest with only a single road leading to it.

While normally this place being so isolated and hard to approach would make it hard for a group to assault the building, this time it worked in my favour as it meant that when I did attack and taken down the lab, it would time for the people here to receive any reinforcements, making my job much easier.

Today was November 1st 1983, and while we had a whole year in this world I wanted to break 11 out now because, on November 6th, 1983, a man called Brenner would decide to repeat the experiment and encouraged Eleven to make contact with a creature native to another reality. However, should Eleven make contact, a tear in space-time would somehow be created, linking this dimension with the creature's dimension. A monster would attack and in the ensuing chaos, Eleven would somehow manage to escape from the lab.

Since I'd forked out a couple of hundred CP to get her as a companion it seemed likely that if I waited until November 6th, she'd end up finding me. But sometime in the same evening as 11's run for freedom, a boy called Will Byers would be abducted by the monster. Which would lead to a series of events that got people needlessly killed, and put the whole world in danger, something I knew thanks to my Judgement Day Perk.

I planned to prevent any of that mess from happening by breaking 11 out a few days before she ripped a hole in reality, and that meant moving now, just in case Brenner decided to act sooner for whatever reason. Sure doing this would make my year in this world duller, but also much safer for everyone. While giving me ample time to train 11 and prepare for future Jump Chain adventures.

I felt certain that 11 would warm up to me more quickly if I saved her and destroyed her prison. This was something that I needed to do carefully as I need to make the lab's destruction seem like an accident while ensuring that anyone investigating the incident would think that 11 had died.

This would be important as while I could take 11 far away from here I didn't really want to until she got to know me, and if the Demogorgon (or however that was spelt) somehow still made it to this world, as it might have the ability to do that on its own without the rift, I'd need to deal with the creature myself.

"I've hacked into the lab's mainframe" Cortana reported "Their computer system is more advanced than I would have expected given this world's tech level. Which means I have access to the cameras, the electronic locks, the fire suppression system, and everything else we'll need for the raid".

Cortana showed us images of Eleven's room, a CCTV monitoring room, a surveillance room. An empty cell, as well as an experimentation room of some sort. Also, we could see the elevators, an interrogation room, even the supply closets. Nothing was hidden from us.

"We will start by having Cortana disable the cameras while I send in the probes to take out the guards and to stun anyone coming out of the doors" I began by saying "Then while Cameron goes in the front, Natasha enters through the fire door at the back which Cortana will lock afterwards sealing anyone left inside the lab. I'll apparate on to the roof and work my way down while you two girls take out anyone on the lower floors. We'll clear the building room by room, and then we shall quickly get everyone outside so I can memory wipe them".

While I had no mercy towards the people who'd used 11 as a science project no one in the building would even know about 11, and if I did attack the lab rather than make it look like an accident that would lead to a major investigation, possibly even bringing a heavy military presence into the air.

No, it would be best to make it look like an out of control chemical fire burned the lab down, and that it collapsed while 11 was still inside. The body of a small child could easily be lost in the fire and rubble, or so the government types would think. I to destroy the lab in a way that would look accidentally, it wouldn't fool someone like me, but the caveman science of this world lacked the tools to expose the kind of deception I could create.

I'd gotten a Perk back in the Harry Potter Jump that made me an expert with memory charms. If all went to plan I'd have more than enough time to alter everyone's memory and with the right spells, it was possible to make people believe what you told them. They'd all believe that an out of control chemical fire was the reason by the lab's demolishing and the chemicals would be blamed for any foginess in their heads.

"Then before anyone wakes up I'll grab 11 and use my Sling Ring to get out of there" I said to the two females "I'll stun her if I have to, but I'll think she'll take any chance she can to get out of the lab, and its not like she has anywhere else to go".

The plan was more complex than it needed to be, but it would be done with the least loss of life possible.

"We need to get moving as possible," I said, "And the probes are ready so we go tonight".

With that I let the two women go and prepare while I went to put on my armour.

(Line Break)

### **Hawkins Lab. Indiana.**

There were no guards up here on the roof as far as I could see, and my Force Senses confirmed this so I quickly cut my way into the building below, and I jumped down into the top floor I heard the alarms going off, as well as a lot of shouting.

"The doors and sealed, cameras are off and then I cut the phone lines" Cortana reported, "The building is in lockdown, no one is going anywhere".

I figured that everyone was heading down, either to try to escape or to deal with the deadly assassins I'd brought with me on this raid. There were guards up here and when they opened fire on what must have looked like a terrifying figure, I did an impression of Neo and used my powers to stop the bullets. The bits of metal dropped the ground, and the guards looked at their guns as if they'd some malfunctioned.

"You won't get the reference," I said, "Which is a shame as I bet that looked so cool from where you're standing".

I must look cool as well. I'd gone with a suit of armour that made me my suit of modified Imperial Knight armour.

After the re-institution of the Empire, years after the Yuuzhan Vong War, some Force Users became Imperial Knights. They all wore a standardised suit of red armour and all used white bladed lightsabers. My armour was a dark red and I used a silver bladed sabre, but the look was much the same.

Normally my version of this armour didn't contain any electronics in case I needed to use in a place like Hogwarts, however, I'd added kinetic barriers, and I'd equipped an Ancient Personal shield in case 11 didn't respond to me in a friendly way, or in case the guards had explosives.

The armour was composed of lairs, to start with I wore a high-collared black body glove made from the same energy-absorbing material as that worn by Anubis's Kull Warriors, as well as black combat boots.

Embossed armour covered the torso, mostly over the rib cage area with a single, trapezoidal panel over the abdomen. The armour included twin-layered flared shoulder, that were mounted on simple hinges for extra mobility, with the shoulder pauldrons bearing an image of phoenix on one side for sole, and a death's head on the other simply because it looked cool.

I also wore red gauntlets and a belt, which included pouches to hold things with, such as magical items I might need. Unlike my other suits of armour with this outfit I actually wore a cape, which I'd enchanted like the rest of the armour to help me in battle. In this suit, my speed, strength, stamina and magical powers were boosted.

While I'd created this armour for fighting magic users, it was made from mithril and other materials with mystical properties, it could serve me now as it this suit shouldn't scare 11 too much, unlike my Sith Stalker armour or Power Armour.

"Any problems?" I asked over the comm, after stunning the two guards with the phaser I was using for this mission "How are you girls doing".

Over the sounds of fighting, I got replies that everyone was going fine, and I imagined that even while limited to stun weapons they were having fun. For both of them, this raid wasn't something new, they'd gone on missions much like this one many times before.

I shouldn't worry about them I needed to focus on what I was going and get on with my job here.



(Line Break)

## **Hawkins. Indiana.**

The attack went well and now Eleven, the girl who'd been kidnapped as a baby and raised in Hawkins National Laboratory, where she was experimented on for her inherited psychokinetic abilities, was in my living room eating all of my food. It was a good thing that I'd set up a replicator as otherwise, she would be eating me out of house and home before the evening had passed.

"Skinny little thing" Natasha commented.

They'd not been feeding her enough, no doubt an attempt to keep from getting too strong, but I didn't fear her powers, I intended to nurture them.

"Timid to" Black Widow then said.

Because 11 had been raised in Hawkins National Laboratory, if you could call it that, she was almost completely deprived of any real socialisation while growing up, as such Eleven was indeed timid. She was socially withdrawn and extremely cautious of people. However I'd noticed from watching her on the show that she could become fiercely protective to those who cared for her, and this was once of the reasons why I'd chosen her as a companion and a sort of apprentice, as loyalty was important to me.

As for raising her well wouldn't be hard to do better than her last guardian as I knew from reading the lab's files, the electronic versions of which that Cortana had snagged for me, that every time Eleven attempted to defy Dr Brenner's orders when under his control, she would be locked in a cramped room as punishment, potentially for hours on end, and not given food. Which was a terrible way to enforce discipline. Sure a parent needed to punish bad behaviour, but not to such extremes and there was next to nothing in the files about positive reinforcement.

These painful experiences were what had to lead her to develop severe claustrophobia and become malnourished. She would likely show some signs of post-traumatic stress disorder, and unlike the

damage done by physical abuse and malnutrition to her body, I couldn't simply heal that kind of harm with my powers.

Due to her very limited vocabulary, she could not effectively communicate her thoughts and emotions to other people. Also, she had little to no understanding of simple concepts such as friendships or keeping promises. Thankfully she seemed to understand that she was safe here as so far she'd not tried to run away.

Another thing I knew was that Eleven had been born with a vast array of preternatural abilities, acquired through a combination of inheritance and exposure to hallucinogenic drugs while in utero during her mother's time as a test subject. These abilities were the reason she was abducted at birth and raised at Hawkins National Laboratory, where she was experimented on, they were also partly why I'd come here to take as a companion.

The effects of the experiments done on Eleven and her powers were unclear. It is possible that her powers laid dormant from birth and could only be unearthed through further experimentation. However, it is also possible that Eleven had access to these powers at birth and merely gained understanding and experience using them during her time in the laboratory. I would have to run many tests on 11 to find out more about how her powers worked and where they'd come from. I wanted to know if other humans at this stage of development could learn to do what she did, or if 11 was like me, existing in a state closer to ascension than most people.

Like most humans with powers that I'd met her abilities are somewhat linked to her emotional state, being at their strongest when influenced by her anger and fear. Being in distressing situations would occasionally cause Eleven to unleash her powers involuntarily. This was most likely how Eleven had opened the Gate: her fear of witnessing the Demogorgon possibly magnifying her powers to the point where she was able to open an interdimensional portal. Now that was an ability of hers that I was super interested in as could not be easy to rip open holes in reality with just the power of her mind.

Using her powers took a physical toll on her body. When using her powers to perform more menial tasks, Eleven would usually only suffer from nosebleeds. However, when accomplishing more daunting

tasks she would become physically exhausted, even to the point where she'd be unable to walk.

Hopefully, after plenty of training, some medical treatment and time spend getting more than enough to eat she'd be able to use her powers without such a big physical toll on her young body. One day I might make some improvements to her body, but I should wait until she'd physically matured.

"I think she needs a bath" declared Natasha.

Since I had no desire to deal with any feminine hygiene issues I'd let Widow, or one of my other companions who I'd introduce 11 to later, handle all of that. Aside from that 11 was going to need proper clothing, and that would include girl clothes. When it came to that I was only experienced in creating body armour for woman, and undressing women, so I'd leave 11's wardrobe to others.

I'd selected Natasha to serve as my primary companion as she'd also been raised by government types to be used as a weapon, and as such would have some idea of what 11 had experienced, and be able to help the young girl adjust to a new life, or at least this is what I hoped would happen.

Also, have a former Russian spy living here in Cold War USA was just too amusing to pass up.

"You do that," I said, "I'll go make sure her room is ready".

(Line Break)

**Hawkins. Indiana.**

"You ready to get cleaned up?" Natasha asked, offering the frightened girl a smile.

It took a moment to register, then 11 nodded, before following Natasha into the bathroom. After shutting the door, Widow turned on the tub's faucet. The water rushed into the tub so loudly that El jumped, eyeing it nervously. It was as if she'd never seen a bath before. Then Natasha remembered that this girl had been placed in sensory deprivation tanks as part of the experiments on her so

naturally, she'd be nervous here.

"It's okay. You'll like this" Natasha promised as she comforted the young girl.

After checking to ensure that the water was warm, rather than too hot or cold. Then they stood across from each other and it became clear to Widow that 11 didn't know what to do next.

"Can you take your clothes off by yourself?" she asked.

She did so without further issue.

"Not worried about being naked around people are you?" Natasha asked.

She'd never been one for modesty either, this was something Gothic was grateful for, at least with his older female companions, she didn't know how the Jumper would respond to this little girl being so causal about nudity, but she didn't think it would bother him. He'd spent most of the last decade living above a strip club.

"What is...naked?" 11 asked.

Natasha hadn't expected that question.

"Its when you don't have any clothes on," she defined simply.

11 looked at herself.

"Being naked is fine when you are here at home with us," Widow told the girl "Just remember to wear clothes when you're outside, or have people coming over".

She had no desire to body shame the psychic girl as while she was a skinny thing and pale, this didn't mean she should be ashamed of her physical form.

"It's gonna be a little warm," Natasha informed as Eleven rose a leg over the tub.

The girl's face changed as she got into the bath, she went from

looking nervous to something close to happy.

"It feels nice, doesn't it?" Joyce said while smiling at the girl.

"Warm..." Elevens said, her eyes closing as she began to embrace the relaxing effect.

Natasha had to wonder if this girl had bathed at all outside those sensory deprivation tanks. She'd been subjected to many a cold shower during her upbringing and she imagined that 11 had as well.

"Well you can take a bath whenever you want," Widow offered,

Next, the former spy reached for the shampoo. 11 didn't have much in the way of hair, but it still needed cleaning.

"I'm going to wash your hair," said Natasha "Keep your eyes closed".

"Okay," 11 replied with a nod.

Widow figured that this bath was going to take some time and that she going to have to explain quite a few things, yet she didn't feel concerned about that as she found that she rather like the idea of having a sort of daughter to teach. Maybe 11 would like to learn a little ballet? It was either that or stabbing methods, and that didn't seem suitable for the young girl.

(Line Break)

## **Hawkins. Indiana.**

When setting up this Jump Chain I'd been very specific in what I wanted. The house needed to be somewhat normal as to help 11 more easily adjust, but it also needed to be the workplace of an inventor. As such while the house had all the things a house normally had, such a living room, dining room, and a kitchen, it also had a large shed which would serve as a workshop.

We also had an attic and basement, both of which could be expanded in size internally with a little wand work, and turned into whatever we desired them to be, such an art studio or maybe a playroom for 11. These rooms would have to be locked up in case anyone came

into the house and looked around.

As for bedrooms, there were three of those, one for me and a companion to share, a room for Cameron and of course 11 needed her own room. I was currently in that room making sure that everything was perfect for the young girl.

The room seemed girly enough to me. Posters of unicorns and all that cutie stuff that small human females seemed fond of having around. The decorations didn't concern me so much as the bed and the toys, and these were not the kind of toys my companions would normally have in their rooms, these kids toys. Dolls, and bears, more unicorns, as well as what I'd added thanks to the replicator. Such as a Barbie Dream House and a modern-day television just for her use.

I intended to spoil 11 more than a little. She'd missed out on so much, and more than likely she'd need to be aged up somewhat for the next Jump, which was only a year away, so I intended to cram in some childhood experiences here and to teach as much as I could so that a year from now she'd be ready to go to High School as I already had an idea of what Jump I would do next.

Taking out my wand I used the space expansion charm to make the room a little bigger, but only on the inside, the house wouldn't change dimensions on the outside, I had to be subtle about this in case someone came into 11's bedroom who wasn't a companion. That shouldn't happen, but I was going to risk some contact with the rest of this town, once I'd disguised 11.

"All cleaned up," declared Natasha.

I turned to see the former S.H.I.E.L.D agent and the psychic girl, who was wrapped up in many towels, she seemed to like the towels.

"This is your room," I told 11 "All the stuff in here belongs to you. Toys, clothes, everything".

Which would seem like a lot to someone who'd spent their life so far in what was pretty much a jail cell. 11 took some time to inspect the room, trying to take it all in.

"Let's get you dressed," said Natasha as she moved over the cupboards.

11 just removed the towels, showing no concern for their being a male in the room, and I found that to be adorable. It should have been awkward, but I soon realised that 11 would have no understanding of modesty and as long as she didn't go streaking in public it was okay if she wanted to be naked.

Natasha got 11 dressed and seemed maternal while doing so, which amused me, and I knew that I'd made a good choice in my primary companion for this Jump.

As 11 got dressed I noticed that the girl paid attention to Widow's hair, before running her hand over her own buzz cut. It was at this point I knew where to begin the process of helping the young girl fit in.

"Let's put you to bed," I said.

I passed her a teddy bear and took out my wand. Using the animated charm I made it dance for a few seconds which made 11 throw the cuddly toy across the room with the power of her mind.

"Just a trick," I told her "I made it do that with my powers".

She eyed the bear, and I brought it over to the bed with my telekinetic abilities.

"See I have powers just like you do," I said to 11 "That's how I made the bear dance, so nothing to be scared about".

She took the bear and inspected it before allowing it under the covers with her. With that I headed out of the room, making sure not to close the door fully as she wouldn't like that.

(Line Break)

**Hawkins. Indiana.**

With a flick of my fingers, I turned the page of the potions book so that it showed the instructions for the brewing of the Manegro

Potion, a magical potion which when drank would cause a person's hair to grow by several feet. Normally this was done as a prank, someone would drink the potion and find themselves badly needing a haircut, but in this case, the potion would not be used as a prank. I wanted to grow 11's hair

I started to read the page.

### *Effects*

*When drunk, a person's hair will grow out rapidly from their head. In some excessive cases, a person's hair can grow out several feet.*

### *Dangers*

*Chinese Chomping Cabbage: Using an agitated cabbage may cause excessive bubbling within the cauldron. These bubble bursts can result in total hair loss upon contact. Chinese Chomping Cabbage also have an uncanny desire to chomp and attempt to eat anything and everything in sight. Many novice potioneer have reported having to replace their potion books at the result of this carnivorous roughage. Careful, they bite.*

*Nettle Leaves: Nettle leaves tend to cause stinging when touched. It is recommended to use gloves when handling them.*

### *Ingredients.*

*One Chinese Chomping Cabbage.*

*Three Fresh Nettle Leaves*

*One Burdock Root*

*Four drops of Rose Oil*

This was a pretty simple potion so I quickly went into the Cosmic Warehouse and began rooting around in the chests that contained potion ingredients. Serana had been rather careful to gather a lot of ingredients, all of which were kept fresh via stasis charms. After some looking around I found everything needed for the potion. I then returned to the kitchen so that I could begin to make the potion.



## Brewing Instructions

*Calm the Chinese Chomping Cabbage by distracting it with a carrot. When distracted, carefully whisper compliments to the cabbage to soothe it.*

As stupid as that sounded it turned out to be the right way to do things as when I didn't calm the cabbage it bit me.

*Carefully place 1 Chinese Chomping Cabbage into the cauldron. Heat on low for 15 seconds until it turns a pale brown. Add 1 Burdock Root to the Mortar. While adding 4 drops of Rose Oil, grind the Burdock Root into the thick paste. Add 6 scoops of paste to the cauldron. Leave to brew and return after 20 minutes with a Pewter Cauldron, 17 minutes with a Brass Cauldron, and 13 minutes with a Copper Cauldron.*

So at this point, I had a little time and during that time 11 came over to me. No doubt she was looking for something to eat, she ate a lot.

"I'm making you something to grow your hair," I told the small girl.

She seemed shocked for a moment when I lifted her onto the counter, but she calmed down when she realised that I just wanted her to see what I was doing. While we waited between cauldron changes I fed the girl and talked to her. She only nodded back, but she listened to everything, and I knew that her ability to converse would improve over time.

*The potion will appear yellow when ready.*

Yes, that was yellow, not a very pleasing shade of the colour.

*Pluck 3 Fresh Nettle Leaves and place them into the mortar. Using the pestle, mash the Fresh Nettle Leaves into a gooey mixture. Add all contents of the mortar to the cauldron. Stir clockwise 3 times.*

"The potion will appear green in colour if brewed correctly" I read out loud.

It did indeed look green, so I poured it into a potion bottle and got 11 to drink it. As I'd hoped she soon ended up with a lot more hair than before. The hair was dark brown and it suited her. She spent a few moments running her fingers through her hair, and she seemed

pleased with the results.

"Go look in the mirror" I instructed.

She did that, and then came back into the room, she stood there for a moment before running up and very briefly hugged me. She stopped very quickly and then just stared at me for a while.

"Guess you like having hair," I said.

She just stared at me some more, and then went over to the television to watch it.

"You're welcome! I told the girl.

## 2. Chapter 2

### Jump Chain 11 - Stranger Things

#### Part 2

#### Hawkins. Indiana.

I got the psychic girl's attention, she was listening to music using a cool device I'd gotten during the MCU Jump a special handheld cassette player, the device mostly played music from the '80s, but since this was the 1980's it made sense here, aside from it not never having needed fresh batteries or more than one tape.

"So your real name is Jane Ives," I told 11 as I read over her paperwork

The young human female seemed puzzled and looked at the number on her arm before showing it to me.

"That's not a name," I explained to her "That's just a number they put on you, there must have been more kids with the numbers one to ten on them at some point, I know there were others part of the program, I have the files on them, but known of them were in that lab with you".

According to her file Kali Prasad also known as Eight, lived in London before she was abducted at a young age. At the age of five, she was taken to Hawkins National Laboratory. At the lab, she was given the number "008" and experimented on alongside Eleven and other children possessing abilities like herself. Once Kali's abilities were strong enough, she used them to escape the lab.

She and 11 weren't actually sisters and given that Kali went around killing people while also committing other crimes, I didn't think it was a good idea for them to met, she'd either turn 11 into a crook or get her killed, neither of things I wanted for her.

"I'm Jane," said 11, as she messed with the lego I'd replicated for her.

Well, she grasped that easily enough.

"Your mother is called Teresa Ives, but there's no address for her," I said next.

Not that this would stop Jane, to use her proper name, from finding her mother if she really wanted to. Not that I wanted her too as seeing her mother in a comatose state that even if I might have trouble fixing. The only reason I hadn't tried to fix the woman was that this would track the attention of Project MKUltra. Still, it might be the best thing to do for Jane.

"I have a mother?" 11 asked.

That was an odd question.

"Everyone has a mother and a father," I told her "Even me, but my mother is very far away, and my father is someone I don't care at all about".

Jane, who was also looking at her files, put them down and looked at me rather intently.

"Who is my father?" she asked.

The files didn't say and given that her mother was a drug-taking hippy who'd gotten knocked up while taking lots of drugs, I doubted she knew either.

"I have no idea" I admitted to 11 "There's no mention of him in the files, but that Dr Martin Brenner guy who you called Papa, he is not your father, he wasn't the right man to be your father".

Sure my mother's first husband had bailed on me when I was a toddler, but at least he hadn't tried to use me to fight communists.

"He was a bad man" stated the young girl.

That I agreed with.

"Huh," I muttered.

There was here an address for Jane's aunt, and that must be how Hopper finds 11's mother in the show. Rebecca Ives didn't live that

far away, but if I remembered clearly from the show Jane's aunt would betray her, so best to keep 11 far away from Rebecca Ives.

I promised myself here and now that I'd tell Jane about her mother once she'd become an adult, and on that day she could decide to carry on with Jump Chain or not. It would be better for if she did as when it did finally end she'd be strong enough to not only fix her mother, but she'd be able to protect her mother from the government types. Staying or not wouldn't make a difference to her mother, because worlds we left behind were frozen in time and Jane would be frozen too if she went back to her home dimension, but once she was mature enough to make that choice she could make it.

"Are you my father?" the young girl rather suddenly asked, "Is that why you came and took me away from the bad people?"

I figured that once she'd figured out how to make this question that she would make it. No doubt she'd deduced from television that she should have a father and that I did the things those men did in the shows, like feeding her and tucking her into bed.

"Do you know how babies are made?" I asked 11.

I'd requested that Natasha explain about puberty and how it related to sexual reproduction as there were some things a girl needed to hear from another female. You'd think that would make them close, but Jane actually spent most of her time with me. Perhaps this was because we both had powers, or maybe she was just naturally a daddy's girl and I fit the role.

"Yes," said Jane.

Well, that made things easier for me, at least somewhat.

"A man and a woman make a baby during sex" I started to explain "and normally they look after the baby, but if they can't for whatever reason the baby can be raised by someone else, this is called foster care. When I found out that I could come here to look after you, to give you a home, I decided to come here as soon as I could, and I did".

Jump Chain was too hard to explain to Jane, due to her lack of experiences, not her intelligence, and Jump Chan hadn't come here to download the information, most likely because it would be too much for 11 to handle.

"I'm your foster father" I then told the psychic girl "So I didn't make you with your mother, but I can do what a father is supposed to do, which is to give you somewhere to live and look after you".

Jane considered this for a while.

"So is Natasha my foster mother?" 11 wondered.

Morgana was would be closest to that since I was married to the Seer, but she no interest in raising children, at least no as part of Jump Chain.

"No, she's more like an auntie" I attempted to explain "She will help to look after you, but she won't always be here, but there will always be a few aunties around, and I will look after you for as long as you need to me to".

Later I would explain all about why some of my companions were around a lot during Jumps, and some weren't

"So I don't have a mother, not really," said Jane.

I went and sat on the floor with her.

"You do, but she couldn't look after you like you need to be looked after," I told her "It's not your fault, and one day when you've grown up you'll find her I promise".

Saying this resulted in me getting a hug, which was nice as this one lasted for more than a second.

(Line Break)

## **Hawkins. Indiana.**

The month of November had flown by with surprising speed. Getting 11, or Jane to use her real name, settled in had taken a lot of work.

She'd not wanted to open up much, and I couldn't blame her for that, but now she not only engaged in conversation, and when she hugged people she didn't act as if she was risking electrocution.

Over time I'd introduced her to her new aunts, my other female companions, who all totally adored her, having them just stay in the house for a few hours with Jane not being the wiser about Jump Chain or the Cosmic Warehouse, that was something I'd discuss with her later when she could handle groups better.

Since the holidays were coming up I'd decided to make a big fuss over Christmas for Jane's sake, and because a Xmas party seemed like a good opportunity for her to get spend some time with of my companions in a way that wouldn't put too much attention on the young girl.

Plus she would get lots of gifts, and get to eat loads of junk food, I didn't think it was biologically possible for Jane not to enjoy that as she was a child. Also, this would be her first Xmas so even if it did suck she didn't know that it could be any better.

Hold on she did watch a lot of television, as such it was good that we'd come to the shopping district to buy decorations and gifts rather than me simply replicating stuff. Hawkins didn't have much of a shopping district, but it was best to start 11 off with something less intense than say Christmas Shopping in New York. That might have exploded her head just due to the sheer amount of people and things to see.

"Are we having Thanksgiving?" Cameron asked me "I can cook".

I had to think about that. I'd been worrying about Xmas, which to be fair would be some work, but the American's had a thing called Thanksgiving in November, which seemed to be some sort of practice Christmas judging by all the food involved and the family squabbles.

"Do you want to do Thanksgiving?" I asked Jane, who was watching TV "Means lots of food and seeing my friends".

Jane stared at me.

"Eggos?" she asked.

I tried to imagine a Thanksgiving table covered in many kinds of waffles, we could so do that.

"You want a waffle Thanksgiving?" Cameron asked "Just waffles of many different kinds".

Jane nodded.

"Yes," she confirmed.

Okay, so we were having Waffle Thanksgiving. I could see it now. Plates stacked with many waffles, some chocolate, some cinnamon, with many different kinds of toppings. With 11 consuming the entire things, leading to her having to take her somewhere far from the town where it was warm so that she could run around and burn off the massive amounts of sugar.

Thinking on it I figured that could be a fun way to spend Thanksgiving.

"Eggo feast it is" I confirmed.

It wouldn't be a lot of work thanks to the replicators.

(Line Break)

**Hawkins. Indiana.**

Gothic came out to the backyard, where Cameron was dancing again on the patio, she was dressed in a ballerina outfit.

"Why do you practice?" he asked her curiously.

The Terminator stopped what she was doing, and turned to face the Jumper.

"If you want to be good at anything you have to practice every day" she replied.

Gothic seemed confused.



"Since when do you need to practise?" was Gothic's next question "You get skills uploaded".

This was true, at the start of every Jump she had knowledge added to her, and this Jump had been no different.

"Dance is the hidden language of the soul," Cameron said.

Gothic smirked.

"Where did you hear that?" question the Jumper.

"Natasa" Cameron said as she continued to dance. "She said I was too mechanical when dancing, and that I should practice dancing in ways that involve me keeping my clothes on".

Most of her dancing in recent Jumps had been stripping and lap dancing for the Jumper, which was something Cameron was happy to do as part of her duties, or at least as happy as she could be.

"I don't recall seeing you dance for some time," said Cameron "You use to dance when you were a knight. Now you like to watch".

This was true.

"Will you watch me?" the Terminator requested "I like it when you watch".

Gothic decided that he would watch, there would be a lot of bending over.

(Line Break)

**Hawkins. Indiana.**

I waved my hand and conjured up some wooden blocks in front of 11, who by now was mostly used to the fact that I powers, and I looked down at the colourless blocks. My adopted daughter was sitting crossed-legged on the floor in her room, which she kept mostly tidy, or Cameron cleaned it up, I didn't really care.

"Okay so you can move things with your mind," I said to Jane "But

can you move more than one thing".

I used my powers to make the blocks float around, which entertained the psychic girl. I even dropped the blocks and made them different colours before floating them around her head.

"Ready to take over?" I asked.

Jane nodded and floated the blocks as I took out a medical tricorder. The **medical tricorder** was a specialized version of the standard Starfleet tricorder. It was equipped with sensors and analysis software tailored for medical diagnostic purposes. They were usually the first device a Starfleet doctor utilized when assessing a patient's condition. Medical tricorders could function aboard ship in sickbay as well as on away missions.

It is not necessary to use the scanner for the tricorder to function. The scanner could be separated from the tricorder, which I did need as I made the blocks float, only she stopped and leaned away from me. I could sense her discomfort, so I turned the device around and handed to her.

"See it's harmless" I informed the young girl "I just want to scan your brain while you use your powers".

Saying that didn't help.

"Tell you what why don't you scan me?" I offered.

I lifted the blocks.

"Press the little button on the small part and just move it around my head" I instructed.

She did so and saw that it did no harm. Not that she could understand the readout on the tricorder, but that didn't matter.

"So can I scan you?" I requested.

She consented to this and floated the blocks while I got look at her brain. This data was important to me as I had plans to one day turn a normal human, a fourth body that I would acquire through Jump

Chain into a super being far more powerful than even myself when in my Asgardian body.

(Line Break)

### **Hawkins. Indiana.**

I blamed Black Widow for this. She just had to have walked past a closed down dance studio and decided to take up ballet teaching, and this was partly because 11 had gotten into it. Given the Red Room that Black Widow had been forced to endure during her so-called childhood, you'd think she'd hate ballet, but here she was teaching some brats to dance in exchange for money we didn't need.

Not that I could really blame her for doing this. She'd been an Avenger so asking to spend a year as a housewife was unfair. She needed something to do and me converting the basement, after magical expanding it, into a holosuite so she could train, only took up so much of her time.

Also here was my thirteen-year-old foster daughter all decked out in the finest tutu and leotard a replicator could provide, and she was attending her very first official ballet lesson, because doing it at home with Cameron, who was teaching the more advanced class, just wasn't the same thing for some reason

Actual classes hadn't started as of yet, today was the test day, a short introduction, with very few children attending, as well as discussion of payment plans and different schedule choices. If Widow impressed the local Mom's and worked out a reasonable price I felt sure that other girls would join the class.

Right now I was seated at the far end of the room on one the benches, surrounded by seventeen suburban moms all oohing and awing over their little girls being graceful little fairies. They actually had wings on and little magic wands, as if they'd be performing some play right away.

My little girl was currently struggling with the ballet shoes, that looked way too small to fit on her feet, but I'd not mentioned that as one of the few things I did know about females across the multiverse

was that they didn't like if you thought they had feet which were bigger than they imagined they were, even if they were actually tiny things which no one should be able to stay upright on.

"Which one is yours?" a woman with obviously dyed blonde hair asked me.

Given the way she was looking at me and the lack of a ring on her finger, I figured that she was a single Mom who might have just located the town's only single father. This wasn't the case, the only real reason for me being here was that Jane had requested that I come here to watch her dance. She must have seen me watching Cameron dance and gotten jealous, or had some desire for more of my attention.

"Mine's the one with the dark hair struggling with her shoes," I said.

Perhaps I should go help with that, but it would mean leaving the benches full of smoking women, a lot of people smoked in this town and they smoked often, and crossing by all those girls who looked positively radioactive with sheer cuteness.

"Oh, I can see the resemblance," she said.

Given that Jane and I had no biological relation at all this made no sense, it was just one of those things that people say. I had altered her hair colour to match mine, but I'd done that to disguise her a little as while so far there'd been no sign of anyone looking for Jane, which suggested that they believed her to have been crushed b under the rubble of the lab, it was still smart to be careful. I'd also been touched when offering her choice of hair colour she'd wanted it as dark as mine.

"So which little fairy princess is yours?" I asked.

I might as well fake interest.

(Line Break)

**Hawkins. Indiana.**

"I like this story," said Eleven.

We were lying next to each other on a bed big as I read the second Harry Potter book to my adorable foster daughter. I'd lived these events, well some of them, as such the story seemed so strange to me, but at least Jane liked the story.

"I don't like Ron," she told me.

That made me smile as I never had either.

"Yeah he was so annoying," I said.

So what if he was the sixth of seven children, and therefore felt that he had a lot to live up to because he never tries to live up to them, the books only show part of the picture, but his inability to anything other than the least amount of work to get by in school really held Harry Potter back

Ron lagged behind, striving to obtain as much pity he can get, always grumbling about being poor or not being good enough at Quidditch or whatever else it is bringing him down on that day. Also, his general lack of concern for his so-called best friend was offensive.

"Is the Hermoine in the book like your friend Hermoine?" Jane asked.

Clearly 11 had picked up on that the fictional character and my companion had more in common than a name. I hadn't told Jane about Jump Chain as of yet, however, she was more than smart enough to have figured out that my friends and I were not what we seemed to be.

We'd gotten through the first book very quickly, but what was before she'd met my Hermoine.

"Yes," I answered, "the girl in the book is sort of a younger version of my friend".

Jane didn't understand this.

"I'll explain in due time" I promised, "Let's just enjoy the story".

The young girl snuggled up to me as I began to read some more to her.

(Line Break)

## **Hawkins. Indiana.**

It was the week before Christmas and the backyard had several feet of snow by the time the party was over and Jane had gotten to spend time with my companions, who I wanted to get to know in an informal way. She'd have to socialise a lot more during the next Jump so I was working to get her use groups of people. I felt it best not to overwhelm her.

"Gothic, help me make a snowman." Eleven requested of me "Like on TV".

Since I wasn't used to her calling me anything it took me a moment to register that.

"Gothic?" I asked.

She looked at me.

"That's what the pretty lady called you," she said.

I wondered which pretty lady she referred to, Hermoine and Luna mostly called me Damien, as that was the name they knew me by. I would prefer for her to call me Daddy, although not in the way some of the girls in my life liked to

"Oh, you just make 3 big balls of snow and place one on top of the other, and then you can decorate it," I explained. "Want to help me first? and then you can make your own".

She nodded and then we got to work. I had her help me make the first and biggest snowball for the base, and when that was in place, I put her to work making the middle snowball while I made the smallest one for the head. Since I finished first I soon began looking for decorations.

When I looked back and saw her struggling to move the second snowball on the top of the first, but before I could go and help her, she stepped back and raised her hand, levitating it on top of the other, and then packing snow around the base to make it level.

Leaving her to it I went to the replicator to get a few things and when I returned to the yard. When I did I found that Eleven was hard at work. She had put the last snowball on top and was now adding small rocks to make eyes and a mouth, something she must have seen on television.

"Do you like it?" she asked me.

I confirmed that I did before adding a carrot for a nose and a scarf.

"Now that is a snowman" I stated.

Jane tugged on my arm.

"Make mine now," she said.

I had a feeling that we'd have a small army of snowmen before long. Only we never got that far as we ended up using our telekinetic powers in a snowball fight.

(Line Break)

## **Hawkins. Indiana.**

"You need to put on some dry clothes," I said to Jane as we headed inside "or you'll catch a cold",

Since the young psychic had no modesty she began undressing as soon she got inside, leaving her clothes scattered about, which I found adorable, like so much of what she did.

"You need PJs," I told her "and you shouldn't walk around the house in your underwear".

This was when Cameron walked up to us while carrying a tray of hot chocolate as well as some PJs for Jane, and she was wearing a Xmas themed babydoll. Jane just pointed at the Terminator, and I realised that it really was silly to tell Jane not to do something that other people went around doing.

"Okay, point taken," I conceded "But the point about catching a cold still stands".

Jane tugged on my arm this time.

"Dress me" she requested.

This was likely another thing she'd picked up from Cameron, who sometimes asked me to dress her as if she was as a doll. Jane simply wanted to the same level of attention so I gave it to her. Quickly dressing her before we went over to watch TV and to drink our cocoa.

The television down here was a model that tech that would blend in case anyone came to the house. The televisions on the second floor, including the one in Jane's room, played shows from many different time periods and even cultures.

Jane was using her powers to change the channel, then she stopped and leaned forward. It was a Christmas commercial. It showed Santa Claus handing out presents to little children and putting them underneath Christmas trees. It ended with all of the children and Santa yelling "Merry Christmas!"

Eleven flipped off the TV and looked at me, she seemed very serious.

"How does Santa bring you presents?" she asked

While I hadn't believed in Santa for many years, I didn't want to ruin the magic for her, besides the guy must exist in some realities.

"I guess he's magical and uses his powers to get to every house in one night and then he comes down through the chimney and leaves presents" I explained, "He must have a bigger on the inside bag to hold all the presents".

"Like you?" she asked.

I had magical powers as well.

"Yes," I said, "But different from me. His powers are different than ours".

She seemed to accept that.



"Why is Christmas important?" was her next question.

I did not want to try to explain God and Jesus and the Bible to her. It was simply too complicated and given that I had an entity with seemingly limitless power sending me to other realities, but I also had no desire to lie to my foster daughter.

"There was this guy named Jesus who was born on Christmas a long time ago, but not everyone believes that" I explained, "Basically Christmas is his birthday".

Thankfully she changed the subject.

"When's my birthday?" she asked.

Her date of birth had been retracted in all the documents as such I knew that she'd turned 13 at some point during this year.

"I don't know" I admitted, "We can make the day you came to live with me your birthday".

She approved of this and went back to watching TV. Changing channel with just a tip of her head.

(Line Break)

## **Hawkins. Indiana.**

"Well, what do you think?" Natasha asked Gothic.

She showed him the three tickets in her hand, she'd gotten them for a good price, not that money really mattered to anyone in this group.

"The ballet," Gothic said with a groan "I should have known the girliness wouldn't be over yet".

"Yeah, it's this ballet group from New York," the Black Widow replied. "They're coming for one night only and it's a big deal. I think Jane will like it".

The New York City Ballet is exactly the kind of thing Eleven would like. The lavish costumes, the orchestra, getting dressed up to go to

the theatre. It's something straight out of a television show. The girl had been so well-behaved, so eager to learn and much easier to handle than she should have been considering what she'd been through. That should be rewarded.

As for Gothic, he didn't think he could begrudge 11 a night out, she'd spent so much time indoors watching sitcoms or playing games, with only the odd trip to the movies because Jane needed to stay out of sight for this Jump just in case government types were looking for her.

Sure the Jumper could fight off such groups, erase memories as well, however, unless he dismantled the government some group or other would keep coming after Jane. Still, perhaps this was worth the risk, for 11's sake. Besides, he could go along and use magic to cover an escape if things did go wrong.

"Okay," he finally agreed. "We will go to the ballet"

After he leaves, Natasha realizes that she'll need something nice to wear so will Jane, which meant they'd be spending some time trying on many different dresses, changing their hairstyles, and experimenting with a lot of make-up. Which she felt certain that Jane would greatly enjoy. They'd need to do so much to prepare that it would be best if they got started now.

(Line Break)

### **New York. The USA.**

Jane Ivers was having the time of her life, which wasn't something hard to accomplish given that she'd spent most of her days living in a lab all hidden away from the world. So far today they'd gone to an Italian restaurant that had fancy napkins and she'd drunk coke out of a fancy glass.

She'd been the only kid in the whole restaurant, and they hadn't wanted to let her in but her foster father hadn't sorted it out. Everyone did what he wanted, it was part of what made him so magical. It seemed as there was nothing that Gothic couldn't do.

Not that he used his powers all of the time she'd noticed, which she found odd as he didn't get nose bleeds, but she figured that he must have a good reason not to use his powers so much. Besides, it made it more special when he used them to make her happy.

The meal had been good, but she'd been afraid she'll drop a meatball in her lap or get spaghetti sauce all over her special new dress and just ruin everything. Of course when she did stain her dress her foster father simply made it vanish, which was cool.

"Everything's going to be fine," he assured her.

Now they were in the theatre and she tensed up a little bit when the lights dimmed and it suddenly went dark. but Natasha squeezed her hand and she relaxed. When the curtain rises, Eleven completely forgot that they were in a dark theatre. She soon became spellbound by the show unfolding before her. She's never seen anything like it and she instantly fell in love with all the glittering costumes and the music.

When it was over, and all too soon, she wanted to watch it again but Gothic told her that they have to leave but he promised to bring her another show in the future. She was already counting the days.

### **3. Chapter 3**

#### **Jump Chain 11 - Stranger Things**

##### **Part 3**

##### **Hawkins. Indiana.**

For a time I couldn't remember why I'd not celebrated Christmas since my days spent attending Hogwarts, it seemed so important this year. As I hung up the decorations as 11 decorated the tree I figured that it was to do with Jane, and how important it was for her.

When I'd first decided to take 11 as a companion I intended to have her as an apprentice, someone I could teach, and train to harness her mental abilities, but she'd become more than that in a very short amount of time. In less than two months I'd gotten to the point that I started to feel joy whenever she showed wonder in her eyes, and that happened often since she'd been exposed to so little while growing up.

Maybe having children wasn't such a bad idea after all, although I felt glad I'd avoided the late-night feedings and the other things babies made you endure. Adopting an older kind just made so much sense, at least for me given how dangerous Jump Chain could be. Besides my other girls seemed to approve of Jane, they liked her, and once the young psychic got use to them being around, they'd be able to spend time with her and express their maternal feelings.

This was something they'd not been able to do in this Jump because I'd wisely not wanted to bring any children with us on Jump Chain. Even Anakin Skywalker, who had been my Grey Jedi Apprentice, hadn't been a son to me, more like a younger brother despite the age difference, or maybe a nephew, as that version of the Chosen One had never been separated from this mother.

"Can't reach" Jane complained.

When I turned around I saw that she was trying to reach up to place the star on top of the tree, like on the picture of the Xmas tree she

was using as a guide. While I could have put it up for her, instead I lifted her up with my the power of my mind, making sure to do it slowly so that she wouldn't panic. She hadn't used her powers at all while decorating the tree, even when it would have made things easier with the higher branches, which suggested that she saw this activity as something worth doing by hand.

We'd both taken it very seriously in fact, I'd taken her out to buy decorations rather than simply fabricate them. Which had involved taking her outside, and going to the shops while they were packed with shoppers. Jane had gone out before, even to a theatre, but the last-minute shoppers had been rather frightening for her, simply due to the franticness of everyone. Not that I blamed her, I'd found the sheer level of consumerism to be scary.

"Presents now?" Jane asked me.

I shook my head.

"Not until the morning," I told her "Tonight we watch Christmas movies and eat junk food".

There were worse ways to spend an evening, and while we had access to much more advanced methods of entertainment I'd decided to take Jane to the video store, most of the Xmas movies were rented out, but I'd managed to get my hands on a few classics like It's a Wonderful Life, and while Some Like It Hot, wasn't a Christmas film it was still a classic that I should see.

"Cameron we're going to need hot chocolate and cookies," I told the cyborg.

I suspected that despite her eagerness for tomorrow that Jane would soon fall asleep once she'd gotten a hot drink and to watch a movie with me. Which would be adorable.

(Line Break)

**Hawkins. Indiana.**

Jane had never really had Christmas before now, it wasn't mentioned to her while she'd been stuck at that lab, and the television while

normally a great fount of knowledge hadn't been clear on what exactly Christmas was for because all the people in the shows already knew that.

So when it arrived she didn't know what to expect, she was woken up early, dressed in a warm jumper that she wore over her PJs, and then brought down to a living room full of people, all of which she'd met before at the party, but this time they were all just sitting around chatting.

They'd been waiting for her she soon realised and this made her feel rather shy, but she kept her mind on the important part of this day, and that was the presents, there were so many of them under the tree that she couldn't even begin to imagine what could be inside so many packages.

She'd already noticed the extra decorations that had gone up overnight, the tree had been there before, she'd decorated it but now there was more tinsel about and some other things hanging off the walls. But her interest in them soon fades when she was presented with her favourite food.

Eating while everyone talks around while drinking a lot of that horrible smelling coffee stuff didn't take long and once she'd finished eating Jane thoroughly pleased, if a little sugar hyped, and after a few moments she became hyper-focused on her foster father's coffee. All the adults were drinking the stuff aside from her Aunt Cameron, who served food and drinks but never ate or drank anything as far as Jane knew. Cameron also didn't wear much in the way of clothing, and Jane sometimes wondered why she couldn't do the same, but she didn't dwell on it.

"Can I?" she asked.

She watched him take another sip.

"What, you want to try some?" he asked back "you won't like it".

As expected, Eleven grimaced at the first taste of the bitter liquid, not liking it at all, and she soon handed it back to Gothic, who seemed amused by the whole thing.

"So not a coffee fan, then?" he teased "It's an acquired taste".

She shook her head decisively, she wasn't going to be trying that again any time soon.

"Present time," said her Aunt Natasha, the aunt that 11 spent most of her time with.

Jane practically leapt as she moved to go sit on the floor by the tree. The radio across the room flipped on with just a glance from her and began to play Christmas music.

"Her control is excellent" one of her aunties commented.

Gothic took his time settling onto the couch near her and while anticipation had its place he didn't let Eleven squirm for long. She was sitting within reaching distance from the presents, but her hands are tucked firmly in her lap. She somehow knew that it was important that she wait for her Gothic to signal that she start the unwrapping.

"Cortana record this" the Jumper ordered.

He then turned to look at Jane.

"You can open your stocking first," he told her.

As soon as she got the stocking she dumped the contents onto the floor without further ado. An assortment of candy and small trinkets was before her, and Eleven quickly sorted through them, carefully looking over each item. But one, in particular, seems to elude by identification, and she holds up the thing that is like an orange, the foil-wrapped ball towards Gothic.

"What is this?" she desired to know.

"It's a chocolate orange," he explained, "I used to get them every Christmas as a kid. Here, you have to give it a good whack".

Which he does before handing it back to her. Eleven looked a little perplexed but accepted the orange thing back from him before carefully peeling off the foil. Inside, the ball has split little slices like

an orange only it's chocolate. She slowly picked out one of the pieces, nibbling a corner thoughtfully at first before grinning and shoving the whole slice into her mouth. It would soon be joined by more, leaving the adults wondering where she could possibly fit all the food she eats.

The stocking contained more things that didn't make much sense to her. Like something which made a very loud noise when she blew into it, and a cute tiny car. Despite having these new things the psychic girl was eager to get to the real gifts under the tree. If anything the stocking had only made her want the bigger presents even more, like some sort of appetiser.

As she ripped through the wrapping paper she found out what had been hidden by the colourful material. She didn't even know what most of the stuff she was gifted was called, but that didn't stop her from taking the time to find out by asking whoever it was who had given her that gift.

Time went by and Jane found herself with Cabbage Patch Kids, Polly Pockets, pretty bracelets, Masters of the Universe Action Figures, more jewellery, Care Bears, My Little Pony, Transformers, something called a Teddy Ruxpin, a Snoopy Sno-Cone Machine, Pound Puppies, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and more things that she could not identify, and Jane was very glad that her toy box was much larger on the inside, otherwise she'd have nowhere to put any of her new things.

The only downside to all of this was that she would have to wait an entire year until the next Christmas.

(Line Break)

### **Hideout. Detroit.**

I'd decided to leave Hawkins for a short time to track down 008 also known as Kali, one of Jane's fellow test subjects. Since I couldn't tell 11 why I needed to find her sort of sister, as I'd decided not to tell 11 about her mother or Kali until she was an adult, I'd had to find Kali myself. This was not easy, there was no Internet in this world, but I did have the project's files which told me a lot about the people she'd



likely go after and lots of lots of cloaked probes.

Finding her gang took weeks despite the clues, and when one of my probes reported a good match between the photos in my files and a real person who was here in Detroit, I just grabbed some stuff and left. I made sure to leave Jane with a couple of her new aunts who would keep her busy.

This was a little deceitful of me, but once Jane reached adulthood she could leave Jumpchain and return to this world, or wait until Jumpchain ended and then go back while being more emotionally able to deal with things. It wouldn't make any difference to the people in this dimension as they'd be frozen in time while we were gone.

As expected I'd found Kali with her gang, which was comprised people called Mick, Axel, Funshine, and Dottie, who'd just joined the gang. The probe I had watching them had also been listening in. The gang members were all outcasts by the standards of the society they lived in. Kali looked after them, keeping them safe as best she could with her powers, and in doing so provided them with the opportunity to get revenge on those responsible for what happened to them. In return, the gang was loyal to Kali, following her orders with little to no protest.

Cameron and I, who were both dressed to blend in, entered what used to be a store of some kind that had been mostly cleared out, and the one called Axel pulled out a knife upon seeing us.

"Walk away" he ordered.

I turned to my bodyguard.

"Cameron, don't kill or badly injure anyone," I said to her.

She moved quickly and placed Axel in a hold that made him cry out in pain and drop the knife without doing him any real damage. His cries attracted the attention of the others, and the one called Funshine tried to help his friend only he got kicked by Cameron, a blow that knocked him to the ground.

"If I wanted any of you dead you'd be dead" I informed the gang of outlaws "I just want a word with your leader".

Kail soon appeared, and I noticed right away that she was an attractive young woman, I might have tried recruiting her if she wasn't so obsessed with revenge. She was staring rather intently at Cameron and myself. She must be trying to use her powers to drive us away or at least get Cameron to let Axel go.

"Don't bother with that" I told her "Your powers won't work on us".

My Terminator had no mind, more of a CPU than a brain, and I had Occlumency to protect me, it was only supposed to prevent telepathy, but it seemed to be working now, which was good.

To further demonstrate that I was not to be messed with I channelled a little magical power and created a large fireball in the palm of my hand. This got people to back off.

"Let the man with the silly hair go" I commanded Cameron.

She did and the gang of outcasts grouped together, not sure of what to do.

"You can all relax," I instructed, "I came to make a deal, if I meant to take you in I'd have an army of cops with me. I have something you want, you have something I want".

I only wanted to scan Kail's brain so that I could compare to scans taken of my own skull's contents and that of Jane's, as part of my efforts to better understand the advancement of humans, what some people might think of as evolution.

To help things along I placed the suitcase I'd been carrying on the counter, then I slid it across to one of the gang's members, who opened it.

"A few grand in cash, and files on the project that had you abducted as a child," I said to Kali "Enough to keep your operation here going for a good long while".

Now the group was going from fearful to confused.

"What do you want from us?" Kali asked.

A simple request, but she might refuse if I didn't explain it well.

"I want a DNA sample and a chance to scan you while you're using your powers" I answered, "A few hairs will do and the scan will only take moments, totally none invasive, you won't feel a thing".

Kali snorted.

"Heard that before," she said.

I considered what to do next.

"Perhaps I can sweeten the deal" I offered "If you want more money I can arrange that".

Kali motioned for me to follow her.

"Let's step into my office," she said, "Your girlfriend can stay here".

Cameron could take care of herself so I followed the psychic woman into that must have been the manager's office back when this store had been open. She went and sat down behind the desk, leaving me with a far less comfortable chair to sit on.

"So who the hell are you?" she asked.

By now it was clear to her that I was not with any branch of the government.

"My name is Gothic and like you, I'm the leader of a group of people who don't exactly fit in" I answered "The difference is we have access to a lot of resources, some of which I'm willing to share with you in return for a few hairs and some scans. I'm not any part of the program that took you, in fact, I destroyed one of their labs, freeing one of the other test subjects. That's all I'm willing to tell you, other than if you take the deal I'll go away and leave you alone".

Telling her that much wouldn't endanger Jane or my group as Kali would not be captured any time soon.

"I want more money and some guns" Kali demanded.

Since that would cost me nothing I agreed to it. I could have bartered, but she wasn't as calm about all this as she looked to be, and I didn't want to aggravate her. It was right that she should fear me, as I didn't want her to risk going against me, but at the same time, I didn't want to think I would harm her as long as she cooperated with my demands.

"The briefcase now and rest after I get what I want," I told the young woman "You know I can find you again so there's no point running. I'll have what you in less than an hour".

I made sure to make an impressive exit with a portal so that Kali would understand that I was not to be messed with.

(Line Break)

## **Hawkins. Indiana.**

Within the workshop that I'd set up in the backyard of the house, I worked late into the night, looking over scans of different human brains that I'd taken over many years. Most of the holograms were of my own brain, with parts of it highlighted, showing activity in different areas when I used different powers.

My brain was most active when I changed the weather, and this made sense as that was a lot harder to do than just making things float or starting fires. It took a lot of energy to create and control a thunderstorm, and when I did that it took its toll on me.

These holograms allowed me to better understand why some of my powers had more of a draining effect on me when used. Unlike 11 I could use my telekinetic powers without much concern, never getting nose bleeds or headaches, and they didn't even tire me out unless I moved something massive. This energy was related to emotions much like how the body produced the chemical adrenaline.

An adrenaline rush is one of the body's vital defence mechanisms. A stressful situation will trigger the release of the hormone adrenaline, also known as epinephrine, into the bloodstream. The production of

adrenaline occurs in the adrenal glands, which sit above the kidneys.

It seemed as if people had a certain amount of psychic energy to call upon, and the more 'evolved' they were the more of this energy they had to call upon. 11 didn't have as much of this energy as me, she had a fraction of it, yet she'd been able to rip open reality and make a gate to the Upside Down. An act that should have taken far more power than Jane could produce, so something else must have been involved with that.

Mental energy was something I'd known about for a while as back during the MCU Jump I'd made a Force weapon based on those used in the 40k universe, which channelled metal energies through the weapon. If there had been any Demogorans around in this reality I would have used such a weapon, or just vaporised it.

I'd gotten the scans I'd needed from Kali after giving her group some guns and more cash. Once I'd done that she'd been very cooperative, not that odd really as since her powers didn't work on me or Cameron having more firepower had made her feel more control when I was around. Had she known about personal shields that would not have been the case.

Now that I had Kali's and Jane's brains scanned when they were using their powers, I could get a better idea of how to give people certain psychic powers rather just placing them further on the path to Ascension. Which I'd not done much of as the results could be unpredictable.

I even had the scans of brains from other test subjects, who were all either dead or so well secured I had no hope of finding them. Not that I cared too. And while these scans were very crude compared to my own they did give me more data to work with.

Of course, I had no intention of 'evolving' anyone in this universe as I didn't want them to end up labs, but perhaps in the future, I'd try it. When 11 was mature I might even offer to give her more powers, although her own were likely to develop as she did.

As for my brain, there was little room for improvement, I was still basically human, at least in this form, and the human mind had

limits, if I tried to give myself more powers I'd just end up either dying or having to ascend, due my brain being forced to do too much, and both options would result in the end of the Jump Chain. Besides I had magical powers, the Force, and loads of tech, so I could pretty much do anything I wanted anyway.

Still, it was good to try to understand this better, and I felt sure that in the future I'd come across more people with mental powers that I could study. For now, I needed to keep bonding with Jane while taking some time to enjoy this peaceful Jump.

(Line Break)

### **The Cosmic Warehouse.**

Now that Jane had been with me for some time I decided to start introducing her to Jump Chain, not the normal way, and I'd started by bringing her into the Cosmic Warehouse so that she could see some of my cool stuff. I was showing sure, but that was okay.

I kept her out of the Armoury, the other dangerous parts of the warehouse since she was a kid, and wouldn't be able to stop herself from touching something she shouldn't. So I kept her the warehouse part and let her look through school stuff from Hogwarts.

She liked the idea of a school for magic users, and perhaps one day after Jump Chain ended she'd travel with me some more and I'd take her to Diagon Alley as well as the other places written about the books. I could have shown her memories, but that wasn't the same as seeing it for yourself.

Jane wasn't a magic user, however, since she was a psychic she couldn't be considered a Muggle either so the Muggle Repelling Charms shouldn't work on her. Also, while I couldn't recall the method there was at least one method of letting Muggles see the magical world. I knew this as I'd seen Hermoine's parents in Diagon Alley.

"This is my Ravenclaw Prefect Badge," I said to 11 as she checked out the shiny things "and that's my Quidditch Captain badge. I would have made Headboy too, but Dumbledore favoured Harry Potter too

much, despite him not really doing anything".

Jane frowned at me. She was a Harry Potter fan, which made sense as she too was an orphan with powers, well actually she had a mother, but Terry Ives was so damaged that she might as well be dead, and I'd decided a while back not to tell Jane about her mother until she was an adult.

"Does it work?" 11 questioned as she pulled a broom out of the chest.

That broom a Firebolt, which I'd gotten as a gift upon joining the Ravenclaw Quidditch Team.

"Yes," I answered "but you have to be magical to use one of those. If you want to fly wait till your seventeen and I'll build you something".

Most likely I'd build her an M-Ship since they fitted inside the Hanger Bay addon and I knew how to build one very quickly.

"Hungry now" Jane declared.

She got up and headed out of the warehouse, leaving me and the chest behind.

"You're always hungry," I said.

She needed to work on having an attention span.

(Line Break)

## **Hawkins. Indiana.**

"I think we'll have to go another dimension that regularly interacts with other realities," I said to Samatha Carter and Seven of Nine, both of whom I'd brought out of stasis and into the workshop shed so that we could go over the information we had on accessing alternate universes "Despite that Mad Scientist Perk I still don't understand how 11 ripped upon a gateway to the Upside Down".

The Upside Down was an alternate dimension existing in parallel to this world. Most, if not all, flora and fauna present in the dimension are linked together in a hive which is mind-controlled by a creature

called Mind Flayer, essentially forming an enormous superorganism. A key component of this hive mind was a species of humanoid predators, dubbed Demogorgons, which originated from that dimension. They served as a kind of footsoldier for the Mindflayer.

In the show, during an experiment hosted at Hawkins National Laboratory, Eleven made inter-dimensional contact with a Demogorgon and unintentionally opened a gateway. Through this gateway, the Mind Flayer began using its dominion over the Upside Down to invade the town of Hawkins, spreading toxic biological matter presumably with the goal to eventually invade the entire Earth. However, this plan was stopped when the Gate was closed, supposedly severing the dimension's connection to the regular world.

Which didn't really make much sense as the energy requirements to create even a short-lived gateway between dimensions was well beyond any human beings ability to generate, not without the ability to gather energy from other sources, and I no idea what could have sustained the gateway, unless it was the Mind Flayer. Rips, in reality, are a lot like wounds, they tended to heal, at least according to my understanding of such things. If I recalled correctly the gateway in Hawkins lab had to be burned, so if that was a wound in reality then it had festered like it was an infected wound.

This suggested that dimensions, universes, realities, existences, were in some sense living creatures, and I had heard of such an idea before. In the Buffy Verse, an entity known as Twilight was the consciousness of a new dimension which manipulated Angel and Buffy Summers into giving birth to it. The name "Twilight" also applied to the prophesied apocalypse which created the dimension, as well as the villainous persona adopted by Angel himself in order to bring about that apocalypse which w

"We can already make portals to other realities," said Samantha "So how does this benefit us?".

My group had two ways to travel the multiverse Sling Rings are small two-finger rings imbued with the power to create and sustain portals between any two points in the universe, and also, although it requires much effort, throughout the Multiverse as well. To use them you had to visualize. See the destination in your mind. Look beyond the world



in front of you. On a less spiritual level, they worked when the user channelled extra-dimensional energy from other realities to open a door to a specific place in the Multiverse. They were used by the Masters of the Mystic Arts to facilitate long-distance travel via a tempory portal. Sling Rings were typically worn on the left hand when conjuring a portal, and this is achieved by the wearer tracing their right hand in a circular pattern while focusing on a destination beyond the space directly front of them.

Another method, this time technological, was the Matter bridge a device which created a link between two universes. To travel to an alternate reality, one must form a link, called a "trans-universal bridge" or the more commonly used "inter-universal bridge", between the two realities. This took a lot of energy, not much if you wanted to move a few people, you could manage that with a handheld device, but if you wanted a move a ship then you needed ZPM levels of energy.

"Well it is mostly a case of curiosity for me" I admitted to the former airforce officer "I don't under interdimensional travel very well, or how dimensions work in relation to each other".

Which might be somewhat of an issue in years to come when I obtained my Spark, as I had no idea how to use a Spark, or if I didn't obtain my Spark as I'd like to keep travelling and it would be good to have a few ways to do that.

"I find the subject to be quite interesting," said Seven of Nine "and it would be preferable if we had more research material".

There were many universes out there with people who travelled to other dimensions, but the tricky part would also be finding a Jump that also had a high school for Jane as I did want to her have some normalcy in her life. She'd expressed some interest in what other teenagers got up to, although I was wondering if I should arrange things so that Jane skipped a couple of years and went right to High School, skipping a year or a few years of puberty would be nice.

"I could skip over to an alternate version of this universe and check out their rift" I considered "Maybe close it for so as to avoid some drama".

Just to see if I could do it. Plus it might save a few lives.

"Can we send probes to this Upside Down?" Carter inquired.

That would be a bad idea.

"No, we don't want to let the creatures there to know about this reality," I told Sam "They might be able to come here even without a rift forming on this side, but maybe going to a different version of this world would let us probe that reality without endangering this one".

We had some planning to do.

## 4. Chapter 4

### Jump Chain 11 - Stranger Things

#### Part 4

#### Hawkins Lab. Alternate Universe.

The Astral Dimension, much like the Mirror Dimension, coexisted alongside the Material Plane, the physical universe. However, to access it, one had to be successfully separated from their physical form, so that you could exist in a state of pure energy, however, this was not the same thing as Ascension like in the Stargate verse as you still had a connection to your physical body, which would remain alive even while your spiritual self was elsewhere.

Time, relative to the Material Plane, was slowed down to a crawl when one enters the Astral Dimension, so to me, the people here at the alternate version of Hawkins lab seemed to be frozen in place, only they were really just moving very slowly.

Sorcerers such as myself have limited effect on the Material Plane while in the Astral Dimension, so if I'd wished I could act like a ghost and move things around, but I had no desire to interrupt whatever it was the people here were doing, at least not yet.

Someone like me could simultaneously rest their bodies and perform other tasks using the Astral Dimension, but I preferred to enter trances and restore my body with the power of the Force than to act like a ghost. Of course, a sorcerer still needed proper sleep as well, as humans needed to dream, and it wasn't just the body that needed rest. The mind needed it too.

Right now I was using my astral form as were Luna and Hermoine, who'd not gotten out much for this Jump, and seeing a rift in the fabric of the universe was one of those cool sights I'd promise to take them to see while on Jump Chain.

"There it is the gateway to the Upside Down," I said.

There was little I knew about the Upside Down, as it remained shrouded in mystery and would do even I'd sent a probe in there to get some readings. That probe wouldn't actually be spent by me, the small device was cloaked and by now it should have entered the gate.

"Doesn't look welcoming" commented Luna, "I think we should go".

Yes, it was rather unsettling so I decided that we would leave, and when we returned to our bodies, which were hidden inside the lab by magic, I checked the probes reading as both Seven of Nine and Samantha Carter were already doing.

Already I could see the dimension possessed a few observable properties and characteristics similar to this world. Such as light, although there wasn't much of that, gravity, and sound appeared to function the same way as in the regular world. Suggesting that there was a planet of some sort on the other side of that rift.

Furthermore, noise and sound originating from Hawkins were somehow faintly audible in the Upside Down, almost like an echo effect. In the show this allowed people to sometimes hear people calling out even if the person shouting was in the Upside Down. Which suggested to me that Upside Down was another plane of this reality rather than a totally separate universe. Like the mirror dimension or the astral plane.

According to the scientists of Hawkins Lab, the atmosphere was toxic to humans, hence why they wore hazmat suits to enter the dimension. However, the air there did contain enough oxygen for humans to survive there, and anyone going there should be okay with limited exposure.

This toxicity appears to also extend to the dimension's flora and fauna as proven in the show when a series of subterranean tunnels extending from the Upside Down began to spread and grow beneath Hawkins, they caused several farmers' crops to rot overnight. Trees in the woodlands close to the affected farms were also observed to have the same rot. When Sheriff Hopper explored the aforementioned tunnels, he was sprayed in the face by a growth on the ceiling, causing him to lose consciousness almost immediately and upon waking up, vomit up a black substance.

Also in the show, the Upside Down is compared to the Vale of Shadows dimension that is a dark reflection, or echo, of the physical world. A place of decay and death, a plane out of phase, a place of monsters.

"It is right next to you and you do not even see it" I muttered to myself.

That described the Upside Down very well, and I was going with the idea of it being an alternate plane of existence like the Astral Realm or the Mirror Dimension. This would explain why the probe was detecting structures that could be decayed versions of places in Hawkins.

"We just lost the probe" Samantha reported.

Seven checked her tricorder.

"There was a great deal of data collected" she reported.

We'd risked enough by coming here.

"Okay I'm going to see if I close the rift," I told my girls "Pull me out of anything goes wrong".

If an underage girl with psychic powers could do then so could I.

(Line Break)

Hawkins. Indiana.

The roar of thunder filled the air, this was what woke her up, and when she saw the rain which drummed down on the windows of her bedroom, she realised what was going on. Then when a blast of light that illuminated the room for only a split second, that confirmed what she feared.

11 had experienced the weather of many kinds since leaving the lab, snow was her favourite, and she'd learned about thunderstorms, but the reality of it was proving to be quite terrifying. Jane had been nervous enough today, having realised that Gothic had left the house for many hours, normally he didn't do that without either taking Jane

with him or at least letting her know when he'd be back, something he hadn't done this time.

There was another bolt of lightning followed by a crash of thunder and the young psychic girl found herself fleeing her room and racing into the bedroom of her foster father, who had a big bed which for some reason was currently occupied by two women who she knew to be Luna and Hermoine, women who Gothic had told her were her aunts of sorts.

They didn't concern 11 she was too busy trying to wake up the Jumper, who looked as if he'd been up to something very tiring and badly needed some sleep. This version of Jane knew nothing of how you could rip open reality, or about closing such wounds in the fabric of reality. She only cared about finding some safety while the sky outside seemed to be going mad.

"Jane?" he whispers, climbing from under the warmth of his covers  
"What are you doing?"

She said nothing, she didn't know how to ask, or even what she wanted.

"I'm sorry," she said, voice tinged with distress.

Gothic needed a moment before his normally powerful mind figured out what was on here.

"Are you scared of the storm?" he asked.

She nodded and then realised that he wouldn't be able to see her movements.

"Yes," she admitted.

Gothic sat up.

"Give me a second and I'll get rid of the storm" he offered.

11 failed to understand that, as she sometimes did, and didn't realise that Gothic could really do something like that.

"No," she said.

The Jumper considered his options.

"Okay, do you want to stay here?" he asked.

She nodded and then climbed into the bed, which already two girls in it who were cuddling each other, still Jane saw it as a safe place, and when she left a strong arm to embrace her she almost panicked, but only for a second, until she realised that her foster father was hugging her, trying to make her feel safe.

(Line Break)

Hawkins. Indiana.

Due to her love of dancing and watching things on a screen, I'd decided to take Jane out to see a movie, there had been so signs of anyone looking for her, and she'd left the house before without incident, but I still felt better about having Cameron follow us while remaining cloaked and keeping her distance.

Which was for the best or I'd have spent the entire length of the movie, making out with Cameron rather than watching the film with 11. I'd explained the idea of daddy/daughter date to Jane, and she was rather happy with the idea even if she didn't call me Dad. Not that she didn't feel affection towards me it was just that she had trust issues with adults, understandably, and her Papa had really messed her up. Still, I felt sure she'd come to accept me as a proper father and judging by her actions during the recent storm we were well on our way.

Alas, the movie was far less enjoyable than getting to spend time Jane. The movie involved someone called Ren McCormack, a teenager raised in Chicago, had moved to the small town of Bomont, Utah, to live with his aunt and uncle. Soon after arriving, Ren befriended Willard Hewitt, and from him learns the city council has banned dancing and rock music.

Ren had begun to fall for a rebellious teenage girl named Ariel, who had an abusive boyfriend, and a strict father, Shaw Moore, who is a

reverend of the local church, that was when my attention wavered and waiting for the dancing, which was the only reason I'd picked this movie, other than having enjoyed some of Kevin Bacon's other works. I wasn't used to him looking so young.

"Can you dance?" Jane asked me.

I had to think about this as they did teach dancing at the academy I somewhat remembered going to as part of my background in the Mass Effect verse. Officers were required to learn how to formally dance in case they have to attend some sort of diplomatic event, but those memories were so old.

"Not sure," I told 11 "Maybe I'll take you dancing and we can find out".

That sounded like a father/daughter thing to do.

(Line Break)

Hawkins. Indiana.

This was the first time I'd brought Jane into the workshop that I'd set up in the shed. The place had become a total mess over the months since I'd started this Jump, sort of like a 1980's version of Michelangelo's workshop. All around me were unfinished paintings, all nudes that I'd covered up, sculptures and architectural plans for buildings that would look great as part of the Manhattan skyline as not only did I have art skills I could They'd never be built unless someone found the plans after Jump Chain came to an end.

"You know you have a Playstation in your room" I reminded Jane.

While the first Gameboy wasn't due to come out until the end of this decade I'd made one for Jane using bits of crap from here in the shed. I had a lot of junk here. I'd taken a few household appliances so that I could figure out how to improve upon them.

"I want to hang with you," she said.

Aww, that was sweet of her. How could anyone abuse such an adorable girl?



"Okay give me an hour and we'll be ready," I told Jane.

The thing I was currently improving upon was an Easy-Bake Oven. Currently the thing was heated by two 100-watt incandescent light bulbs and was designed to resemble a conventional oven, no doubt part of this societies efforts to turn yet another generation of girls into Houswives. Which I didn't mind, only I did want more for Jane. She was an example of advanced humanity and could do so much more with her life than change diapers and cook.

Despite that 'baking cookies' had ended up on a list of activities that all little girls should do while growing up, and since 11 had been cheated out of so much I felt the need to cram in some of the stuff she'd missed out on before the next Jump started and her situation changed. I might need her to become an adult or at least an older child.

I'd decided to improve upon the kid's toy and instal a proper heating element, as well as some other improvements. I put on my headphones and listen to music as time flew by as I worked at a fast pace, grabbing bits of tech and adding them to oven without really thinking about what I was doing.

An hour passed and I found Jane standing over me as I finished installing the power cell into the small oven.

"I want to bake," she said firmly.

Well, that was why we were here.

"Okay just turn it on" I replied while gesturing at the on/off switch.

She pressed it and the oven spoke.

"Hello Jane, would you like to bake some cookies?"

She looked at me.

"Why is it talking?" she demanded to know.

Perhaps adding a VI personality to act as an assistant chef hadn't been such a good idea. Jane seemed a little freaked out.

(Line Break)

Hawkins. Indiana.

"Let me see," I said.

I reached over for the sniffling kid and took the thermometer out of her mouth. She had a mild fever, nothing to worry about, but that wasn't the real issue as I could cure this flu in mere seconds, only she wouldn't drink the Cure Disease potion I'd brew for her, and I'd never learned that as Restorian Spell as it had never been an issue. I'd had an enhanced immune system for so long and then immunity to disease since Jump 8, so the flu hadn't been a concern.

However, I'd been able to brew the Cure Disease potion using Skyrim Alchemy easily enough, and while it wouldn't remove the symptoms I could heal those up once the virus was gone. She'd be better in a few hours. Yet for some reason, she refused to take the potion. She was insisting on sitting in her room with a play tea set while I watched as this was part of the Daddy/daughter program we were working on.

"Aren't you a little too old for that?" I asked the 13-year-old as she began placing the cups on the table.

That just got me a glare.

"I want you to play with me" she insisted.

This was no cheap plastic set. She'd figured out the replicator and made good China, the kind you had proper tea parties with, the set could be worth quite a few dollars if I ever sold it. Maybe we'd have a yard sale before we finished this Jump.

A moment later a clever idea entered my mind

"You have to drink some real tea," I told her "I can make you some special herbal tea".

The Herbal tea was the potion I just heated it up while spending a few moments in the kitchen letting the kettle boil. Then I took the pot full of the hot potion, which seemed okay, and used a cooling charm to make it drinkable as soon as I poured into the cup, while

also wondering if a cooling charm would be effective in the heat sinks of Mass Effect weapons, something to think about another time.

"Drink it" I encouraged "If you drink all the tea we can try the Daddy/daughter ice cream date somewhere sunny".

I had my Sling Ring on me so we could travel somewhere tropical for that date. A quick trip to some nice island would be a good idea as I needed her to get used to using portals.

"You're dot drinking," she said suspiciously.

Her nose was now so stuffed up her words were coming out wrong and it wasn't as if she spoke much, to begin with.

"Okay, I'll drink" I drink.

The potion did not affect you if you weren't ill so I took a sip from the tea and internally bemoaned the fact that you couldn't add sugar to magic potions without altering what it did.

"Your turn," I said.

She wouldn't drink it all, but it should still be partly effective even with her weak immune system. When she became an adult I could deal with that, assuming that starting the next Jump and ageing her a bit didn't sort out problems like that. I should be able to write something in her back story for the next Jump about having a normal body for whatever age I made her without altering her looks too much.

"Dis is terrible" she announced.

Sneaking medicine into your kid's food and drink such a time-honoured parenting tradition.

(Line Break)

Hawkins. Indiana.

For the next Daddy/daughter date I went with a simple picnic in the park, just the two of us, this would hopefully make up for the disaster

that was my attempt to dance with her at home before going somewhere to dance in public, I would have embarrassed her.

While this was our time I intended to let her see other kids at the park while there and try to get her to play with them as while she was a little too old for playgrounds she was small for her age and hadn't been pushed on any swings while growing up.

"No eggos?" she asked while I put the blanket down on the grass.

She had her hands in the basket and was already taking things out.

"Waffles don't really work as a picnic food" I explained, "So I made, and I do mean made, I didn't just replicate everything, traditional picnic food, that means sandwiches, apples and maybe some ants".

She gave me a confused look.

"Ants are insects that are attracted to picnics," I told her "They might try to steal our food".

I half expected her to look around and start worrying about huge bugs that would carry the meal off, but she knew that insects weren't a danger as my girls had been homeschooling her on different subjects as Jane opened up more to them. Besides, there was a spell for everything, including a wand spell that repelled bugs away from food. Which I'd used on everything before we left.

"For sandwiches, we have tuna salad, peanut butter and jelly, and cheese," I said.

I loathed PB&J the mix of flavours made me feel ill, but Jane had recently discovered them, and like many children, she seemed to have the ability to inhale her food when you weren't looking, a skill she demonstrated this day. Jane didn't spend much time eating, an oddity for her. She went slower on the fruit and watched some other kids play. Summer had arrived already, and it was a pleasant season, lots of time to play and pleasant afternoons spent mostly in the back garden.

"Can I go there?" she asked.

As I'd planned she'd noticed the other kids playing, and wanted to go join in, as she should. She'd not interacted much with other young humans, even during her ballet lessons, due to her lack of social skills, and this was a chance for her to develop them.

"Do you remember what to say?" I asked.

She nodded.

"I am Jane, not 11. You are my foster father, you came here from England and use to live in New York, then you adopted me while in this country and in New York. We moved here for peace and quiet" she recited "I don't go to school because I am home school by you and my foster mother. I am ten years old.

Not a total lie. I had lived in England at one time, and New York and I had adopted 11. Also, we did home school her as she wasn't ready for normal school.

"Good girl" I praised.

At this point, I reached over to clean her face, and she didn't flinch or anything, which she would have done not too long ago. I even kissed her on the cheek, which was her idea, and something she must have picked up off television.

While she went off to play, like a girl a few years younger than she really was. This along with her style of dress today, which wasn't a punk rocker outfit, helped with the illusion of her being ten rather than thirteen, I hoped that when I altered her age that she'd change to match the new age otherwise she was going to remain stunted, but that was something to worry about later.

For now, I put on a pair of special sunglasses and unknown to anyone a very small cloaked probe, about the size of a baseball, floated out of the basket and Cortana used it to help me keep an eye on Jane, whose image appeared on the lens. I was able to keep somewhat of an eye on her and read *The Colour of Magic*, which had been first published last year.

Cortana would let me know the second Jane did something she

wasn't supposed to do, like leave the play area, or if anyone did anything to her, and God alone would be able to protect anyone who tried to grab her from this playground.

(Line Break)

### **Hawkins. Indiana.**

While there had been no sign of any government types looking for 11 I couldn't help feeling a little on edge as I let Jane enter the new arcade on her own, I would be sitting outside on a bench while she played on the games, but I would have to rely on my Force senses to keep track of her, meaning that something could happen before I could react.

Not that it seemed likely to happen, but I still felt nervous as I sat and pretended to read the paper. I'd given Jane a load of quarters so that she could go into the arcade and play the primitive games without her foster father looking over her shoulder. Of course, going in there alone wasn't about the games, she wanted to socialise with other kids, and I wanted to allow that since she'd little in the way of chances to do that.

My trail of thought came to a very sudden end when some idiot in a car came speeding down the street at a reckless speed. A small girl soon got out of the car and went into the arcade, while the boy in the car decided to speed away, not caring if he hit anyone.

I had a feeling that the young man in the car was that Billy guy, who was a huge asshole to everyone in season 2 and I didn't approve of his reckless driving. I decided to go after him and take care of the git now, not with violence I'd just apparate into his car and use magic to alter his mind.

It would take too long and I had Cameron with us out of phase so she could go and watch over Jane.

(Line Break)

### **Hawkins. Indiana.**

This year had passed quickly, and I'd spent it well getting to studying

the Upside Down somewhat and the science of alternate dimensions, while also doing some art and design in my workshop, but most of my time had been spent with Jane, something I'd found enjoyable.

Sadly, all good things must come to an end, and soon this Jump would. Tonight was Halloween and because I'd pulled Jane out of that lab at the start of November the Jump would end in a couple of days. We could deal with that tomorrow and pack up then, for tonight I needed to focus on Jane.

This was a big night for her because she'd be going out alone. I wouldn't even have Cameron follow her while cloaked, and I would resist the temptation to follow her while staying in the Mirror Universe or the Astral Plane. She would be out there all alone.

Well okay not alone, she was taking Cortana with her in my omni-tool so that the AI could beam Jane into the shed out back, where I'd installed the beaming tech. Jane had agreed to this one safety arrangement because Cortana wasn't a physical creature and therefore wouldn't be seen by anyone.

Before she could go out and gather her candy we had to decide on something for her to wear. A process that involved me using my magical illusion powers to make it seem like Jane was changing costumes. Once she made a choice I'd replicate the chosen costume for her as illusion magic was temporary.

"Okay how about Cabbage Patch Kid" I suggested.

I had some catalogues and magazines on the kitchen table for ideas. We went through, Freddy Kruger, Pac-man., Barbie, Care Bears, Jason Vorhees (complete with Hockey Mask) and Supergirl, only I remembered the DCAU outfit which was the wrong one, she wanted movie Supergirl.

"What about a ghost?" I asked.

I knew that the friends she would have had if I'd not altered events so much were going as Ghostbusters so going as a ghost might allow her to at least meet them. She'd grown quite a bit over the summer, more to do with puberty and outdoor exercise than my healing I felt sure,

so she looked older now, old enough for the local version of the Losers Club to hang out with.

"Maybe Jean Grey," I said while trying some more options.

She ended up deciding on Alice in Wonderland, one of the stories I'd read to her, and once she changed I used the Colour Changing Charm to make her blonde.

"You're ready to go," I told her "Just remember to not obey the rules I have about strangers offering you candy, unless they have a truck, obey that one. Hang out with other kids, get candy, and make yourself sick".

She headed for the door, only to suddenly turn around to come over and hug me.

"I love you, Daddy," she said.

Without that she headed out, into the night all on her own.

(Line Break)

## **Cosmic Warehouse.**

Since this Jump was now coming to an end I'd gotten all of my companions out of stasis so that they could help me pack everything away so that nothing out of the ordinary would be found here once Jump Chain came to an end. I didn't want to damage the timeline by leaving advanced tech lying around, or any magical items which could cause trouble for the people of this town.

Now that the packing was all done, I was leaving all the stuff that blended in behind, it was time to discuss the next Jump.

"I've chosen Buffy the Vampire Slayer for our next Jump," I told the group "For a few reasons. The main one being that travel to alternate dimensions is fairly common for those who know about the supernatural. I want to understand travelling to alternate dimensions better than I already do".

Of course, there were other reasons.



"While this world doesn't really have any advanced tech we will be able to learn more magic," I said.

Some of my girls were very interested in that, but not all of them.

"I'll find things for everyone to do" I promised "and I already have ideas for some of us".

I handed out a print out of the details.

## **BTVS Jump Set Up**

Budget - 1000cp

Identity

Watcher - 950cp

Name - Damien Mason

"My cover will be as a new Watcher out of the academy who'd been sent to observe Buffy and Giles while teaching science at the high school. Replacing Mr Gregory so he doesn't get killed by the Prey Mantis lady in season one" I told everyone "This will let me keep an eye on Hellmouth and some of the key players, who are connected to the school during the earlier seasons".

Gender - Male

Age - 25 - 900cp

High Stakes Fighter - 800cp

Swordplay - 750cp

Demonology - 750cp

Book of Kelsor - 700cp

Box of Gavrok - 500cp

Mr Pointy - 450cp

The Vorpal Sword - 150cp

Hunga Munga - 100cp

1959 DeSoto - 0cp

"There's not much in the setup that I either need or want" I explained to the group "Really it's the alternate dimensions that interest me, there's a special version that world we should be able to access after Halloween that will provide us with some big opportunities".

I'd explained more about that later.

Victory Condition

Five Seasons Is All You Get

Prevent Buffy from jumping into the portal at the end of Season 5. If she survives and the barriers between worlds don't collapse then you win. Should you fail, reality itself will come apart, and that will bring about Game Over.

"Five years will be more than enough" I assured the group "I checked with Jump Chan already, and sorted out the details".

She'd popped by earlier.

Companions

Imported

Morgana Mason

Fellow Watcher and housewife

Age - 25

Hermione Mason

Age - 18

Trainee Watcher, distant cousin, and college student.

Luna Mason

Age - 18

Trainee Watcher, distant cousin, and college student.

Jane Mason (Eleven)

Age - 15

Student at Sunnydale High and adopted daughter of Damien Mason.

Non-Imported

Miranda Lawson

(To run the casino under a fake identity which can later be set up)

Serana

(Will look after Castle Pendragon)

Other

Cameron - Teacher's Assistant.

"While imported companions don't get CP to spend in this version of the Jump. I still want Jane to be able to go to school, as she started socialising and there are things she needs to learn out in the real world. Sunnydale High is dangerous, but I'll be at the school and Jane is hardly defenceless, once she begins her first Jump she'll respawn if killed, but I'm too worried about that as normal humans do survive on the Hellmouth".

I had some more to say.

"Luna and Hermoine to be able to college," I told the group "Which can be fun as well as educational. You'll have time to party and help out the group. There are some magical items in the BTVS multiverse that I'd like to acquire and the Watcher training will help us research these items".

I looked around.

"Any questions?" I asked.

There were plenty, and I figured that we'd be here for a few hours at least, but that was okay I really looked forward to this Jump.